

Light of the Falling Stars

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> <meta name="Generator"> Authors note: Some of you might have noticed that I took down 'Judge of the Damned', and I'd just like to explain why

Authors note: Some of you might have noticed that I took down 'Judge of the Damned', and I'd just like to explain why. Personally, I don't feel as though my writing style suits long fics. I thought I'd try a few shorter ones before I'd make another attempt at it, so look to this fic as an interlude or hiatus from that one if you will.

A warning, do not read this if you're not into reading fiction outside of the animorph world. This has no action. It's very angsty and involves a great deal of reflection upon things a part of every day life. It also has a moral behind it, which may take a while to get, for there are many parallels in this story that you might not detect the first time you read it. If you detest these things, I suggest you leave now.

**This was written in approximately forty-five minutes, so there may be errors as suchâ€¦| didn't proof read it. It was rather spur of the moment.

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I had always been fascinated by the stars. They were brilliant, mysterious gems that came to us at night, shimmering through the ebony veil that had been swept over the sky in a way that defied description. But then they'd disappear at the birth of each new day,

retreating back into the cold - the empty space hidden behind the clouds that spoke of neither heaven nor hell; all it was, was emptiness. A place where the beautiful stars didn't belong. It wasn't where they were meant to be. As a child, I'd often reached up and tried to pull them down. One by one, to save them from that terrible fate, always before the sun rose every morning. But every time my small fists would close around nothing. They'd close around _emptiness_. So even as the sun took their place, to light up the sky, but it was never the same.

I heard a story once, and many others about how the stars was born, but it was always that particular one that my mother told me every night before I went to sleep that made me think. It was a mere children's fantasy, a fairy tale brought about the brightly colored pages of some child's storybook. But the world it created stayed in my mind forever. As I sit upon this rocky outcrop that overlooks the sea, I find myself drifting back to that story, of the Northern lights, of the green earthâ€¦ and for the first time, I'm really able to appreciate it. Because, now I know, how easily it all could disappear.

Sighing, I wrap the afghan even tighter around my shoulders, battling the chill that the moon brings every dusk, thinking of a man called Ozymandis and how he formed the cornerstone of my belief, years ago.

I hardly notice the shadow of a hawk overhead, riding on the wind in a playful dance, descending towards me and landing softly on the grass a few meters away. Nor do I pay any heed to the sight of its feathers melting away to reveal human hands and fingers, or as the beak softens and melds into lips. Or even as warm brown eyes replace the fierce glare once worn as a human emerges from the small body of a hawk. The figure left standing walks up to me, but even though I know he's there, I can't bring myself to meet his eyes.

"Hey Rachel."

For the first time, I look up, seeing genuine concern in his expression that looked so endearing that I couldn't help but feel touched.

"Hey yourself."

Without waiting for an invitation, he chose a spot right beside me and sat down. We sat there in silence for a few minutes, as I casually observed the way the moonshine spilled over the waves. No matter how many times I saw it, it was still breathtaking - the reflection of the sky in the dark, glittering sea.

I don't know why I spoke first. Maybe it was because I was more troubled than I had realized, or was willing to admit. It could've been many things, but the face is, I spoke first.

"Did you ever heard of a man called Ozymandis?"

I think he was surprised.

"Not really, why?"

Again I find myself titling my head towards the sky, _at the

starsâ€¦|_

"A long time ago, Ozymandis reigned in his kingdom, a magnificent place called Zanuth that prophesied of ancient times and future comings. A place in the furthest reaches of a universe. A place no evil could ever touch."

"Every creature imaginable lived there. Mythological beings and exotic animals flourished. The sky was blue, the grass emerald green; it wasâ€¦| paradise."

"But Ozymandis grew restless amidst such perfection. He longed for a challenge, for another planet that would need his powers, a place he could transform into the picture perfect world that he had created. And so, he called upon his chariot, Haley, a comet that could travel beyond what little of the galaxy he could grasp, and with it he traveled to earth, a planet so savage and primal in nature and Ozymandis simply could not resist. There he landed, but was so enraptured by it that he failed to heed the comets warning that if he did not stand on the same spot three days later, he would be stranded on earth for seventy five years."

"He began work right away, performing miracles and wonders which the earth had never seen, capping the jagged peaks on the purest white and transforming the moonshine into water that filled a huge curved plateau centered in the middle of earthâ€¦| but most importantly, he gave the earth color and life. But in doing so he forgot all about Zanuth, and indeed, the comet came and went, and Ozymandis was never able to return to his kingdom. Without him, Zanuth slowly died, becoming nothing more than a barren desert, and soon even becoming too weak to ride in the heavens. Finally, it fell from the sky, and landed on earth, its impact stripping away all the greenery and producing a vast land of emptiness, of sand."

"And that is the story behind the creation of earth, and the mystery behind some of the most beautiful wonders that the earth has to offer. The Alps, the Sahara desertâ€¦| and most of all, the Northern Lights, off which the sun reflected that lent color to the earth, giving it the basis of its beauty. The Northern lights, like which many stars, shine for us no matter what. Not even the rain, not even the clouds can chase the stars away."

I look back at Tobias, wondering if he understands.

"Some say that the stars are the souls of legends and heroes. But I don't believe that. I believe that they are what gives us hope and life. They give me hope and life, but when night passes they are sent back to their prison to which they are forever sentenced. And for what wrong?"

I feel the tears stinging my eyes.

"For being what they are."

He didn't say anything, only shifted closer to me and wrapped his arms tightly around me. I begin to grow hysterical

"I mean, why-"

"Shhâ€¦|" He said softly, stroking my hair. I try to blink away the

tears.

"Why." I bend my head low and lean against his chest. "They will be shining, even on the day that they fall. But weâ€¦ we will die."

"No we won't." He whispers. I can feel his breath on my ear. "We will continue to be strong Rachel."

"Why were they be so ignorant?!" I yell at noone in particular.

"Why couldn't they see what was in front of their very eyes, whyâ€¦" I sob.

"Why couldn't I have prevented it?"

I wept there, in his arms, thinking of my mother, and my sistersâ€¦ thinking of my cousin Jake, my friend Marco. And wondering how many more we would lose in this war. Then I reach out, to grasp the light of the falling stars.

End
file.